LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Unknown Way.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A burning sky is o'er me,
The sands beneath me glow,
As onward, onward wearily,
In the sultry morn I go.

From the dusty path there opens,
Eastward, an unknown way;
Above its windings, pleasantly,
The woodland branches play.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey lay,
Where the shade is cool, and the dew of night
Is not yet dried away.

Path of the flowery woodland;
Oh, whither dost thou lead,
Wandering by grassy orchard grounds
Or by the open mead?

Goest thou by nestling cottage?
Goest thou by stately hall,
Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,
And woodbines flaunt the wall?

By steeps where children gather
Flowers of the yet fresh year?
By lonely walks where lovers stray
Till the tender star appear?

Or haply dost thou linger
On barren plains and bare;
Or clamber the bold mountain side,
Into the thinner air?

Where they who journey upward
Walk in a weary track,
And oft upon the shady vale
With longing eyes look back?

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I know the voice of the mighty sea,
Breasting the pebbly bound.

Dost thou, oh path of the woodland!
End where these waters roar,
Like human life on a trackless beach,
With a boundless sea before?

From Lamartine's History of the Girondists.

Trial and Execution of Charlotte Corday.

When she was seated on the bench of the prisoners, she was asked if she had a defender. She replied that a friend had undertaken this office, but not seeing him, she supposed his courage had failed him. The president then assigned her the young Chauveau Lagarde, afterward illustrious by his defence of the Queen, and already famous for his eloquence and courage in causes and times when the advocate shared the peril of his client. Chauveau Lagarde placed himself at the bar. Charlotte gazed on him, as though she feared lest, to save her life, her defender would abandon some part of honor.

The widow of Marat wept while giving her evidence. Charlotte, moved by her grief, exclaimed—

'Yes, yes—'twas I that killed him.'

She then related the premeditation of the act for three months; her project of stabbing him in the Convention; and the *ruse* she had employed to obtain access to him.

'I confess,' said she, with humility, 'that this means was unworthy of me; but it was necessary to appear to esteem this man, in order to obtain access to him.'

'Who inspired you with this hatred of Marat?' she was asked.

'I did not need the hatred of any one else,' she replied. 'My own was sufficient; besides, you always execute badly that which you have not devised yourself.'

'What did you hate in him?'

'His crimes.'

'What did you hope to effect by killing him?'

'Restore peace to my country.'

'Do you, then, think that you have assassinated all the Marats?'

'Since he is dead, perhaps the others will tremble.'

The knife was shown her, that she might recognise it. She pushed it from her with a gesture of disgust.

'Yes,' replied she; 'I recognise it.'

'What persons did you visit at Caen?'

'Very few; I saw Larue, a municipal officer, and the Cure of Saint Jean.'

'Did you confess to a conforming or nonjuring priest?'

'Neither one nor the other.'

'Since when had you formed this design?'

'Since the 31st of May, when the deputies of the people were arrested. I have killed one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a republican long before the Revolution.'

Fauchet was confronted with her.

'I only know Fauchet by sight,' said she, disdainfully. 'I look on him as a man devoid of principles; and I despise him.'

The accuser reproached her with having dealt the fatal stroke downward, in order to render it more certain, and observed that she must doubtless have been well exercised in crime. At this suggestion, which destroyed all her ideas, by assimilating her to professed murderers, she uttered a cry of horror.

'Oh, the monster!' exclaimed she, 'he takes me for an assassin!'

Fouquier Tinville summed up, and demanded that sentence of death should be passed.

Her defender rose. 'The accused,' said he, 'confesses her crime, she avows its long premeditation, and gives the most overwhelming details. Citizens, this is her whole defence. This imperturbable calm and entire forgetfulness of self, which reveals no remorse in presence of death—this calm, and this forgetfulness, sublime in one point of view, is not natural: they can only be explained by the excitement of political fanaticism, which placed the poignard in her hand. It is for you to decide what weight so stern a fanaticism should have in the balance of justice. I leave all to your consciences.'

The jury unanimously sentenced her to die. She heard their verdict unmoved; and the president having asked her if she had anything to say relative to the punishment inflicted on her, she made no reply; but turning to her defender, 'Monsieur,' said she, 'you have defended me as I wished to be defended; I thank you; I owe you a proof of my gratitude and esteem, and I offer you one worthy of you. These gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just declared my property confiscated; I owe something in the prison, and I bequeath to you the payment of this debt.'

During her examination, she perceived a painter engaged in taking her likeness; without interrupting the examination, she smilingly turned towards the artist, in order that he might the better see her features.—She thought of immortality, and already sat for her portrait to immortality.

Behind the painter stood a young man, whose fair hair, blue eyes and pale complexion marked him for a native of the North. His eyes were riveted on the prisoner; and at each reply he shuddered and changed color. He seemed to drink in her words, and to associate himself, by gesture, attitude and enthusiasm, with the sentiments she expressed. Unable, frequently, to repress his emotion, he drew to himself, by involuntary exclamations, the attention of the audience and of Charlotte Corday. At the moment when the President passed sentence of death, the young man rose from his seat, with the gesture of a man who protests from the bottom of his heart, and then sunk back, as though his strength had failed him. Charlotte, insensible to her own fate, perceived this movement, and comprehended that, at the moment when all on earth abandoned her, a kindred spirit attached itself to hers, and that, amidst this hostile or indifferent throng, she possessed an unknown friend, and thanked him with a look.

This young stranger was Adam Lux, a German republican, sent to Paris by the revolutionists of Mayence, to concert the movements of Germany with those of France, in the common cause of human reason and the liberty of the people. His eyes followed Charlotte until she disappeared amidst the *gens d'armes* beneath the arch of the stairs. His thoughts never quitted her.

On her return to the Conciergerie, which was so soon to yield her up to the scaffold, Charlotte Corday smiled on her companions in prison, who had ranged themselves in the corridors and courts to see her pass. She said to the concierge:

'I had hoped that we should breakfast once more together, but the judges detained me so long that you must forgive me for having broken my word.'

The executioner arrived; she requested him to allow her time to finish a letter, which was neither the outpouring of weakness nor regret, but the last act of wounded friendship—addressing an eternal reproach to the cowardly spirit which had abandoned her.

It was addressed to Doulcet de Pontecoulant, whom she had seen at her aunt's, and, on whom she believed she had called in vain to be her defender. The letter was as follows:

'Doulcet de Pontecoulant is a coward to have refused to defend me when it was so easy. He who undertook it performed his task with all possible dignity, and I shall retain a grateful recollection of him to my last moments.'

Her indignation was unjust; the young Pontecoulant, who was absent from Paris, had not received her letter; his generosity and courage were a sufficient guaranty that he would have accepted the office; and Charlotte bore an error and and an injustice to the scaffold.

The artist who had sketched Charlotte's likeness at the tribunal, was M. Hauer, a painter and officer of the National Guard, of the section of the Theatre Français. On her return to the prison, she requested the concierge to allow him to finish his work, and, on his arrival, Charlotte thanked him for the interest he appeared to take in her, and quietly sat to him, as though, while she permitted him to transmit her form and features to posterity, she also charged him to hand down her mind and her patriotism to unborn generations. She conversed with M. Hauer on his profession, the events of the day, and the peace of mind she felt after the execution of her design; she also spoke of her young friends at Caen, and requested him to paint a miniature from the portrait, and send it to her family.

Suddenly, a gentle knock was heard at the door, and the executioner entered.—Charlotte, turning round, perceived the scissors and red chemise he carried over his arm.

'What! already,' exclaimed she, turning pale.

Then, recovering her composure, and glancing at the unfinished portrait, 'Monsieur,' said she to the artist, 'I know not how to thank you for the trouble you have taken; I have only this to offer you. Keep it in memory of your kindness and my gratitude.'

As she spoke, she took the scissors from the executioner, and, severing a lock of her long fair hair, gave it to M. Hauer.

This portrait, interrupted by death, is still in the possession of the family of M. Hauer. The head only was painted, and the bust merely sketched. But the painter, who watched the preparations for the scaffold, was so struck with the sinister splendor added by the red chemise to the beauty of his model, that, after Charlotte's death, he painted her in this costume.

A priest, sent by the public accuser, presented himself to offer the last consolations of religion. 'Thank,' said she to him, 'those who have had the attention to send you, but I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own, which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal.' The executioner then cut off her hair, bound her hands, and put on the *chemise des condamnes*. 'This,' said she, 'is the toilette of death, arranged by somewhat rude hands, but it leads to immortality.'

She collected her long hair, looked at it for the last time, and gave it to Madame Richard. As she mounted the fatal cart, a violent storm broke over Paris, but the lightning and rain did not disperse the crowd, who blocked up the squares, the bridges and the streets which she passed. Hordes of women, or rather furies, followed her, with the fiercest imprecations; but insensible to these insults, she gazed on the populace with eyes beaming with serenity and compassion.

The sky cleared up, and the rain, which wetted her to the skin, displayed the exquisite symmetry of her form, like those of a woman leaving the bath. Her hands, bound behind her back, obliged her to hold up her head, and this forced rigidity of the muscles gave more fixity to her attitude, and set off the outlines of her figure. The rays of the setting sun fell on her head; and her complexion, heightened by the red chemise, seemed of an unearthly brilliancy. Robespierre, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, had placed themselves on her passage, to gaze on her; for all those who anticipated assassination were curious to study in her features the expression of that fanaticism which might threaten them to-morrow. She resembled celestial vengeance appeased and transfigured, and from time to time she seemed to seek a glance of intelligence on which her eye could rest. Adam Lux awaited the cart at the entrance of the Rue St. Honore, and followed it to the foot of the scaffold. 'He engraved in his heart,' to quote his own words, 'this unutterable sweetness amid the barbarous cries of the crowd, that look so gentle, yet penetrating—those vivid flashes that broke forth like burning ideas from those bright eyes, in which spoke a soul as intrepid as tender. Charming eyes, which should have melted a stone.'

Thus an enthusiastic and unearthly attachment accompanied her, without her knowledge, to the very scaffold, and prepared to follow her, in hope of an eternal reunion. The cart stopped, and Charlotte, at the sight of the fatal instrument, turned pale, but, soon recovering herself, ascended the scaffold with as light and rapid a step as the long chemise and her pinioned arms permitted. When the executioner, to bare her neck, removed the handkerchief that covered her bosom, this insult to her modesty moved her more than her impending death; then, turning to the guillotine, she placed herself under the axe. The heavy blade fell, and her head rolled on the scaffold. One of the assistants, named Legros, took it in his hand and struck it on the cheek. It is said that a deep crimson suffusion overspread the face, as though dignity and modesty had for an instant lasted longer even than life.

Social Intercourse.

BY MRS. CHILD.

There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion, the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their highest thoughts.—Each long for the full communion with other souls, but dare not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith or Mrs Clark will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wiser for both to snap the imaginary bond and walk onward unshackled. If thy heart yearns for love, be loving; if thou wouldst free mankind, be free; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, be frank with him.

But what will people say?

What does it concern thee what they say?—thy life is not in *their* hands. They can give thee nothing of real value nor take from thee anything that is worth having. Satan may *promise* thee all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has not one acre of it to give. He may offer much as the price of his worship, but there is a flaw in all his title deeds. Eternal and sure is the promise: Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.

But I shall be misunderstood—misrepresented.

And what if thou art? They who throw stones at what is above them, receive missiles back again by the law of gravity; and lucky are they who bruise not their own faces. Would that I could persuade all who read this to be truthful and free to say what they think, and act what they feel, to cast from them like ropes of sand, all fear of sects and parties, of clans and classes.

What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We meet to see each other, and not a peep do we get under the thick, stifling veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves, and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to work or ride, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the guests; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dares not, lest it seem impolite to the host; so they remain slaves, and feel it relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser freedom. If a visitor arrive, they say, "I am very busy to-day; if you wish to ride, there are horses and saddles in the stables; if you wish to read, there are books in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the fields; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you are here do as you please."

At some houses in Florence, large parties meet without the slightest preparation. It is understood that, on some particular evening of the week, a lady or a gentleman always receive their friends. In one room are books and flowers; in another pictures and engravings; in a third music. Couples are ensconced in some shaded alcove, or groups dotted about the room, in mirthful or serious conversation. No one is required to speak to his host, either entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand here and there on the side tables, that all may take who like; but *eating*, which constitutes so large a part of American entertainments, is a slight and almost unnoticed incident in these festivals of intellect and taste. Wouldst thou like to see such social freedom introduced here? Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Smith's assertions that you were mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and to put less shortening in the undercrust of your pies than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk according to her gifts; be thou assured that *all living* souls love freedom better than cakes or under crust.

He aims at power of the noblest kind,
Who tames the stubborn passions of his mind,
And reigns the monarch of his own desires.
BOETIUS.

Female Society.

You know my opinion of female society. Without it, we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men, and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man, nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from the pollution which besets it on all sides. A man oughtto choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that 'wear well.' One thing, at least, is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasures. A Newton, or a mere scholar may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children round him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.—*John Randolph.*

Time to Me this Truth has Taught.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Time to me this truth has taught,
('Tis a truth that's worth revealing,)
More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling;
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it,
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Oft unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking;
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret in it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.
So in many a lovely breast
Lies some canker-grief concealed,
That if touched is more oppressed,
Left unto itself is healed!

A Great Lie.

"A great lie," says the poet Crabbe, "is like a great fish on dry land; it may fret and fling, and make a frightful pother, but it cannot hurt you. You have only to keep still, and it will die of itself."

The Model Bachelor.

THE MODEL BACHELOR lives in Chambers. He is waited upon by an old laundress who lives he scarcely knows where. He sees her once a week, to pay her her wages; but hears her every morning putting his room to rights. He rises late. He is skilful in lighting the fire—his practice generally of a morning. He understands the principle of boiling a kettle, and can cook a chop without burning his fingers. He bears all misfortunes with equanimity, and goes out without an oath to take his breakfast at a coffee shop, if he is "out of tea." He is not astonished if he finds no loose silver in his trousers, after they have been brushed. He has lost the keys of his drawers. His tea-caddy is, also, open from morning to night, the lock being, like his means, dreadfully hampered. He is certain about the number of his shirts. He has not seen a button for years. He cannot tell who drinks the grog, or what becomes of all the empty bottles. He wonders who has taken his Waverly Novels, excepting the second volume of the *Pirate*. He is only allowed one pair of boots *per diem*. If he wants a clean pair, he must clean them himself, or wait till the following morning. His washerwoman mends his linen—at least she charges for it. He takes everything good-humoredly, but is a little put out if he finds he has left his latch-key in his other coat, and that he cannot get in. He is a little ruffled, also, when he discovers the laundress has not made his bed—on christmas day, for instance. He plays only two instruments—the flute and the cornet-a-piston. He is much sought after in society, and is a great diner-out. He can tie his handkerchief in a hundred different ways, and cuts an orange into the most impossible patterns. He is a good hand at carving, and rarely sends a goose into the opposite lady's lap. He makes excellent rabbits on the wall to amuse the children, and allows them to climb up his knees, reckless of his trousers, and hang on his neck without a groan. He shines most at a supper party. He brews a bowl of punch, and mixes a lobster salad better than any man—so he says at least. He sings a good song with a noisy chorus, and makes a speech without being "unaccustomed to public speaking." He runs through a person's health neater than anybody else, and serves up a toast in a most glowing style, but does not stuff society with nothing else all the evening. He is amiable to the fair sex, and hands cups of tea and glasses of negus, without spilling them. He is in great demand as a godfather, and keeps a silver mug on hand, ready for the occasion. He enjoys his comforts and doesn't dine at home, for he has no cook. He studies his ease, but jumps up readily on a cold morning to open the door, if the knock is repeated more than three times. He knows where the best dinners are to be had about town, and is intimate with the shops for the best meat, the best fish, the best game, the best cigars, the best everything. He walks up the stairs of his chambers in the dark, without falling or trying at the wrong door. He prides himself on knowing a good glass of port. He is the favorite stalking-horse of the husbands, who are out late but they are sure to have been with him. Every "glass too much" is put down to him; every visit to the docks; all the half-prices at the theatre; all the dinners and suppers, no matter where, are at his persuasion. The wives, consequently, bear him no great affection, and generally convey their opinion by coupling his name with the prefix "*That*," very strongly italicised. His good humor, however conquers them, and he is welcome at every family table. He sees everything, is seen everywhere, and scarcely cares anything for anybody—excepting himself. His great object of life is enjoyment, and he succeeds to his heart's content.

Suddenly he is missed. He is not seen for weeks. He is entombed alive in his dreary chambers with the gout, and only his laundress to tend him at distant intervals. The long days, the never-ending nights, the racking pain, the cross old woman, who makes a favor of everything and is grateful for nothing, the want of comforts, the utter homelessness of the place, strike a chill to his heart, and he would willingly give all his past enjoyments for one kind voice to cheer him, for one person whom he loved to be near him. He rises from his bed an altered man. He finds out a young niece whom he has never seen. He buys a house and gives it to her, to allow him to live in it. She nurses him in all his sickness, and bears all his ill-humor. He leaves her his little property, is as kind to her as the gout will allow him to be, and is lamented at his death by one person at least.—Thus lives and dies the MODEL BACHELOR.—*Punch.*

Ostyak Music.

In accompanying these songs, and also on the occasion of the religious solemnities, which shall be more particularly mentioned lower down, the Ostyaks make use of two kinds of stringed instruments, invented by themselves at some remote period. One of these is shaped like a boat with five strings, and is called *dombra;* which furnishes another remarkable proof of the relationship of the Ostyaks to the Majars, for the latter have at the present day a precisely similar instrument, to which they give the name of *tombora*. The other Ostyak instrument, which is larger than the dombra, and has eight strings, bears the name *naruista yukh khotuing*—an expression which the Russians interpret, not improperly, by the word *lebed*, 'a swan,' for such, in fact, is the meaning of the last term of the Ostyak denomination. It is obvious that in this instance, the Ostyaks have had in view the well-known story of the singing of the swan, which is by no means without foundation, for the notes occasionally uttered by the cygnus olor, when in a state of freedom, and particularly during the spring, are in fact most beautifully clear and loud; and that this bird, when wounded, pours forth its last breath in such notes, is now known for certain. The popular songs of the Russians also, which are particularly rich in imagery derived from the observation of aquatic fowl, celebrate perpetually the fine voice of the swan; and it is to be remarked moreover, that the Chinese goose (anser cygnoides), which the Russians domesticate, bears the title of *swonkoi*, or 'sweet-voiced.' Nay, it is even likely that the name of one of the most ancient of the Russian stringed instruments, the *gusli*, or dulcimer, is derived from the word *gus*, (goose,) in a manner analogous to the Ostyak *khotuing*. We shall show hereafter, that the national melodies of Kamchatka originated unquestionably in the imitation of the cries of sea-fowl. In the monotonous songs of the Ostyaks, one hears little besides the fundamental note and minor third, and more rarely, the fifth also.—*Erman's Travels in Siberia.*

In the spirit of most men lies a creative power, which only needs the right moment to call forth the spark.

Good and Ill Fortune.

Good fortune is the ordeal by fire, misfortune the ordeal by water.—*Richter.*

A Splendid Panorama.

Naples is the most animated, the most splendid city of Italy, and shines the more brightly when compared with the solemn and dreary Rome. We had been detained long at the custom-house, and night had spread her wings over the earth as we drove along the quay to our hotel, the Villa di Roma, which is situated on the sea-shore.—Vesuvius was hidden from us, for no flame gave sign of its external life; but along the sides of the harbor, countless little lamps glittered in the booths, and gas lights flamed in the shops, and were reflected in their numerous looking-glasses, whilst high above the dark forest of masts, the revolving light of the lighthouse shone, now brighter, now fainter in the darkness. Naples should be seen in the evening, by any one who wishes for a vivid idea of the people's life in the south. The whole population of the city seemed to have forsaken their houses, and the windows were everywhere wide open. All along the quay, cooking and roasting were going on; the booths of the dealers in provisions and lemonade were gaily lit and decorated, and men, naked to the waist, with white linen trousers, and large flat baskets on their heads, were crying various dainties. At about every twenty paces stood the tables where the watermelons were sold, displaying whole fruit in its bright green covering, others cut through to show the glowing color within, and some cut into little pieces for the lowest order of customers, who stood in troops around refreshing themselves with the wholesome juicy fruit; near them were men roasting the yellow cobs of the maize, also a favorite and agreeable article of diet; and by the sea-shore were chairs occupied by amateurs of oysters, for whom the sellers were opening the *Frutti de Mare*, as they call them, and serving large bottles of the Neapolitian wine, which stood on the table along with heaps of green lemons; guitar players were pushing in as near as possible to obtain the reward of their exertions, and these again were elbowed aside by the criers of *aqua gelata*, who appeared every where welcomed. Sometimes the lower class of people improve the iced-water by the introduction of a few drops of aniseed, but often they will merely take a lump of ice in their mouths, and even the babies will suck it eagerly. At almost every corner are tubs supporting a sort of stage, on which rope-dancers and conjurors are exhibiting their feats; here a juggler is plunging a knife into his throat—there Puncinello is teasing a poor fisherman—further on, a pretty little girl is displaying her skill on the rope, and others performing a little comedy; and all have a numerous audience. Fathers and mothers lift up the smallest of their children in their arms, great boys, nearly naked, force their way through the crowd with their vigorous arms, till they reach the front row, soldiers, jesting with their fair ones, cast but half an eye to what is going on, and whichever way you look you are sure to see monks—fat, jolly, sensual-looking fellows, laughing, chatting, and applauding like all the rest.—*The Italian Picture Book.*

Publishing, a Century Ago.

Periodicals were the fashion of the day; they were the means of those rapid returns, of that perpetual interchange of bargain and sale, so fondly cared for by the present arbiters of literature; and were now universally the favorite channel of literary speculation. Scarcely a week passed in which a new magazine or paper did not start into life, to die or live, as might be. Even Fielding, had turned from his *Jonathan Wild the Great*, to his *Jacobite Journal*, *True Patriot*, and *Champion;* and from his *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, sought refuge in his *Covent Garden Journal*. We have the names of fifty-five papers of the date of a few years before this, regularly published every week. A more important literary venture, in the nature of a review, and with a title expressive of the fate of letters, the *Grub Street Journal*, had been brought to a close in 1737. Six years earlier than that, for a longer life, Cave issued the first number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Griffiths, aided by Ralph, Kippis, Langhorne, Grainger, and others, followed with the earliest regular *Review* which can be said to have succeeded, and in 1749 began, on Whig principles, that publication of the *Monthly*, which lasted till our own day. Seven years later, the Tories opposed it with the *Critical;* which, with slight alteration of title, existed to a very recent date, more strongly tainted with High Church advocacy, and quasi Popish principles, than when the first number, sent forth under the editorship of Smollett, in 1756, was on those very grounds assailed. In the May of that year of Goldsmith's life to which I have now arrived, another review, the *Universal*, began a short existence of three years; its principal contributor being Samuel Johnson, at this time wholly devoted to it.—*Foster's Goldsmith.*

Sources of Moral Strength.

What is radically *false* can give no strength. Women have a great deal of modesty, delicacy, and feminine refinement, but they are not taught the principles from which these ought to spring as natural fruits. Certain qualities are praised, but it is like children who make a garden by sticking full-blown flowers into the ground and expecting them to keep their bloom. Those who instruct them do not go to the real principle which shall teach them to discern right from wrong, nor give them any strong truths by which to guide their steps amongst the temptations and delusions which beset them; therefore we find that all the talk they have heard about "graceful modesty" and "female delicacy" does not enable them to stand against the stern realities of a strong temptation; propriety cannot swallow up passion.—*The Half-Sisters.*

The Dewdrops.

A child, one too wise and good for this world, saw on a summer's morning that the dew drops did not lie and glitter upon the flowers, for the angry sun came in its might and dried them up, and they were seen no more. Soon a rainbow was seen in the clouds, and his father told him, "There are the dewdrops over which thou didst grieve, and they now shine in splendor in heaven, and no foot can crush them; and remember my child, if thou vanishest soon from earth, it will be to shine in heaven.—*Richter.*

Misfortunes.

Oh, be assured, a real, great misfortune, which visits thy fellow-men as well as thyself, comes but seldom. The sun is seldom fully eclipsed, often as it is obscured by clouds. We are never surprised at the rising of any pleasure, but only at its over-setting; on the other hand, when in sorrow, we are astonished at its commencement, and think its termination the most natural thing in the world. What a strange astronomy our hearts have learned.—*Richter.*

Grief and Joy.

It is easier to conceal great grief, than great joy, though our acquaintance sympathise more with the former than with the latter.—*Richter.*

Sheridan's Carelessness.

Prof. Smyth was waiting one morning for him in his ante-room, and happened to cast his eyes on a table that stood in the middle of the room, covered with manuscripts, plays, pamphlets, and papers of every description. As he proceeded to tumble them over and look at their subscriptions, he observed that most of the letters were unopened, and that some of them had coronets on the seal. He remarked to Mr. Westley, the treasurer of Drury Lane, who was sitting by the fire, having also for a long time danced attendance, that Mr. Sheridan treated all alike, wafer or coronet, pauper or peer, the letters seemed equally unopened. "Just so," was the treasurer's reply: "indeed, last winter I was occupying myself much as you are doing, and for the same reason, and what should I see among these letters but one from myself, unopened like the rest—a letter that I knew contained a ten pound note within it. The history, sir, was, that I had received a note from Mr. Sheridan, dated Bath, and headed with the words 'Money bound,' and entreating me to send the first ten pounds I could lay my hands upon. This I did. In the meantime, I suppose some one had given him a seat in his carriage up to town, and his application to me had never been more thought of; and, therefore, there lay my letter, and would have continued to lie, till the housemaid had swept it with the rest into the fire, if I had not accidentally seen it." Mr. Smyth could not help on going down stairs, telling the story to his valet, Edwards, suggesting to him to look after the letters; to which he replied—"What can I do for such a master? The other morning I went to settle his room after he had gone out, and on throwing open the windows, found them stuffed up with paper of different kinds, and amongst them bank notes; there had been a high wind in the night, the windows, I suppose, had rattled; and in the dark, for want of something better, stuffed the bank notes into the casement; and, as he never knows what he has in his pocket, or what he has not, they were never afterwards missed."

Maidenhood.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morn is risen into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumber'd
Buds and blossoms many number'd;—
Age, that bough with snows encumber'd.

Gather then each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew like balm shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

Relations of the Sexes.

The editor of the National Era, in reply to a correspondent, says. "As to our own creed, we think it highly orthodox. We believe that woman was taken at first from the side of man, but that ever since man has been born of woman; that they are both very indispensable to each other, and if 'man, the hermit, sighed till woman smiled' she would have done the same thing, had not her full gaze, on first awaking to life, rested upon him: that if, in a certain sense, man is the head of the woman, woman is the heart of man in a good many senses; that there is no conflict of rights, or so far as we have ascertained, no natural hostility between the sexes; that the crowning glory of each is the well-ordered family, where husband and wife rule each other by love and reason, without rude appeals to prerogative on one side, or necessity or suffering submission on the other—both equally loved and respected by their children, both equally loving and reverencing the great Father of All."

Sudden Elevation.

I never blame a man who has risen unexpectedly in the world for having a good opinion of himself, for he is very often taken by surprise, and is naturally uplifted when he finds himself a greater character than he supposed he was. Such men remind me of the villages round London, which are gradually absorbed by the growth of the city; and then, forgetting they were once dirty little hamlets, take upon themselves airs as being a part of the metropolis.—*Richter.*

Praise.

Praise is usually exaggerated where it is least deserved, and there only. The Greeks allowed him who had conquered once at the Olympic games to have his statues made of colossal dimensions; and it was necessary to win three prizes before being allowed to have the statue made of the size of life. If a man does anything remarkable once, it excites notice; if he repeats it, we soon grow indifferent. If a man sneezes, we say God bless him; but if he repeats it half a dozen times, we don't say anything.—*Richter.*

Solitude.

How precious is a friend when we are solitary and alone! It is not surprising that we have as little love for each other as wasps or spiders, when we consider that a man in a country town has some five or ten thousand people to love, and in a large city ten or twenty times as many; but if you want a trial keep a light-house for a month.

[Richter.

Remember that labor is necessary to excellence. This is an eternal truth, although vanity cannot be brought to believe, or indolence to heed it.—*John Randolph.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.—We derive the following information from a late private letter received in this city from Canton. A few days previous to the date of the letter, three Roman Catholic missionaries arrived in Canton, who had been seized in one of the Northern provinces. They were sent as prisoners to Canton, where, on Dr. Parker's requesting their liberation and giving Tsi-Yeng a receipt for them, they were liberated on the 7th of March. "They came" says the letter, "from their place of confinement to our house, where they remained a few hours and then proceeded to Hong Kong. Two of them were Italians, and one a Spaniard; one of them, Bishop Rizzolati, had resided in the interior twenty years, Bishop Novella five years, and Priest Narvoo three years. The former is versed in the Mandarin with all the ease and fluency of his native tongue, and it was interesting to see these men and Dr. P.—all having been born on the other side of the world—using the Chinese language as the medium of communicating with each other, interspersing their conversation with Latin where they could not make themselves clear in the Mandarin. Many of our friends came in to see them, and at one time the Bishop and Dr. P. were engaged in an amicable conversation in Chinese; another speaking first with one, and then another in Spanish and French, and the third with another party still in Italian. They were all most interesting looking men, and in full Chinese costume, and flowing beards, were quite imposing in appearance.—*Daily Advertiser.*

LONDON CITY MISSION.—Number of missionaries, 201. Receipts, £16,137 9s. 2d, being an increase of £2,202. Expenditure about £18,[illegible] Each minister paid about 5,000 visits in the year, and the number of families under constant visitation was 115,815, or at least half a million of individuals; a number larger than were ever assembled to receive the religious instruction of all the Clergy and Dissenting Ministers of London at any given service. The number of visits paid to the poor during the year was [illegible]; tracts distributed, 1,115,603; meetings for exposition of the Scriptures and prayer, 17,051; copies of the Holy Scriptures distributed, 2,817; individuals induced regularly to attend public worship, 2,761; persons admitted as communicants, the fruits of the missionaries' efforts, [illegible]; some two or three thousand other cases the missionaries trusted there had been at least very hopeful signs of conversion to God, and in 1,[illegible] other cases there had been palpable evidence of an outward reformation of life.

The General Synod of the Lutheran Church has just finished a session of five days. It appears that their clergy now number about [illegible]; they have under their charge 1650 congregations, to which are attached 200,000 members. Their yearly increase by emigration is 20,000, and by membership, 2,000. They also possess three incorporated colleges, and five theological seminaries, in which 150 young men are in course of preparation for the ministry.

BOARD OF EDUCATION IN NEW YORK CITY.—The Committee reported that the sum necessary to be raised for school purposes the current year, will be $258,703 90, of which $15,000 will be for the building of a free Academy, and $15,000 for evening schools.

PROFESSORS FOR WISCONSIN.—Mr. Emerson, late Tutor in Yale College, and Mr. Jackson J. Bushnell, of the same class have been elected, the former Professor of Languages, the latter Professor of Mathematics, in the new College at Beloit, Wisconsin.

ABANDONED THE SLAVE TRADE.—It is stated by a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune that Mr. H. Slatter, the notorious slave dealer at Baltimore, who purchased the fugitives from Washington, recently recaptured, has abandoned the slave traffic, and closed finally his slave market.

EDUCATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—At the town meeting in Springfield, $29,595 were voted for expenditures of the current year—one-half for the support of schools.

AGRICULTURAL.

EFFECT OF STOPPING POTATO SHOOTS.—A farmer on the island of Valencia, in the county of Kerry, Ireland, on the 4th of April, when the stalks of his potatoes were about 9 inches high, pinched off half an inch from their tops, agreeably to the plan recommended by Doctor Klotzsch. On the 25th of the same month, the operation was repeated, and the result was, that the dwarf stems became much thicker, and appeared more vigorous than those in the other part of the field, which had been left to grow in the usual way.

HOW TO KILL WORMS.—For lawns, use lime water—for gravel walks, corrosive sublimate.

HOW TO GET RID OF HOUSE BUGS.—Pull down all loose paper, remove all loose plaster, take up all old carpeting, &c., and consume them with fire. Fill up all cracks in the walls and ceiling with a mixture of corrosive sublimate and plaster of Paris, or putty; also, all crevices in the floor, as well as the cracks in furniture, and the joints of bedsteads, with corrosive sublimate and soft soap. By these means you will exterminate the bugs, but not otherwise.—*Foreign Paper.*

ORNAMENTAL WATER FOWLS are advertised for sale in London, consisting of black and white swans, Egyptian, Canada, China, barnacle, brent and laughing geese, sheldrakes, pintail, widgeon, summer and winter teal, shovellers, Gadwall, Labrador, gold-eyed and dun divers, Carolina ducks, &c., domesticated and pinioned; also Spanish, Cochin-China, Malay, Poland, Surrey and Dorking fowls; white Japan, pied and common pea fowl.

FATTENING POULTRY.—Coop up poultry to fatten, and they will do well up to 12 or 14 days. Keep them in the coops beyond that time, and feed them as much as you like, they will grow leaner every day until they grow a skinful of bones, and die.—*Agricultural Gazette.*

CURIOUS MODE OF MAKING BUTTER.—If I want butter only for my own breakfast, I lay a sheet of blotting paper upon a plate and pour the cream upon it. In a short time the milk filters through and the butter is formed. If I wish to expedite the operation, I turn the paper over gently upon the cream, and keep it in contact for a few moments, and then press upon it, and the butter is formed in less than two minutes. If you submit it to severe pressure by a screw press, it becomes as hard as when frozen. I cannot think but the simplicity of this mode of proceeding would be universally adopted, if any better material than blotting paper could be thought of for the filter—the paper adhering too firmly to the butter, and the finest muslin admitting the passage of the cream.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

SHOEING HORSES.—At a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, some time since, Professor Sewell remarked that he had found old horses shod with a layer of leather, forming an artificial sole, between the shoe and the hoof, recover from the severe affections causing injury to the hoof; such, for instance, as contractions, brittleness, sand cracks, or even disease of the foot itself, as thrushes, canker, corns, &c., and perfectly regain its original elasticity and firmness. The mode in question had been practised by Professor Sewell for the last thirty years.

MODE OF BOTTLING FRUIT.—Fill the bottles quite full with fruit not quite ripe; place them, with the corks put lightly into them, into a copper of cold water up to the necks, and gradually raise the temperature of the water to 160°, and not exceeding 170° Fahr. Keep them at this temperature half an hour; then take each out separately and fill it up with boiling water from a kettle to within an inch of the cork. Drive in the cork firmly, tie it over, and dip it immediately into bottle wax, and lay the bottle down on its side to keep the cork always damp. To prevent fermentation, turn each bottle half round twice or thrice a week, for two or three weeks; after that, they will need no further care. The corks should be soaked in water two or three days before they are used.—*English Paper.*

INTERESTING DAIRY EXPERIMENT.—Many observations have been made as to the best depth of milk for casting up the greatest proportion of cream. I lately found the following result. A lactometer of usual width, 10½ inches high, gave 12 per cent. of cream. A glass vessel 2½ inches wide, with 3½ inches depth of milk, yielded 3½ per cent. of cream; another vessel of glass, with two inches depth of milk, and 10½ inches wide, yielded not quite 2 per cent. of cream. The milk was a mixture, but all from one and the same cow, and stood 36 hours. This would warrant the opinion that cream is cast up in greater quantity when not placed in very shallow vessels. The cream was carefully taken off the two latter vessels and the skimmed milk put into a lactometer. That from the widest vessel gave 2 per cent. of cream, and that from the second in width about ½ per cent.—[Here must be some mistake.] A thermometer placed near the vessels ranged from a little above 47° to nearly 50° the whole time.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*